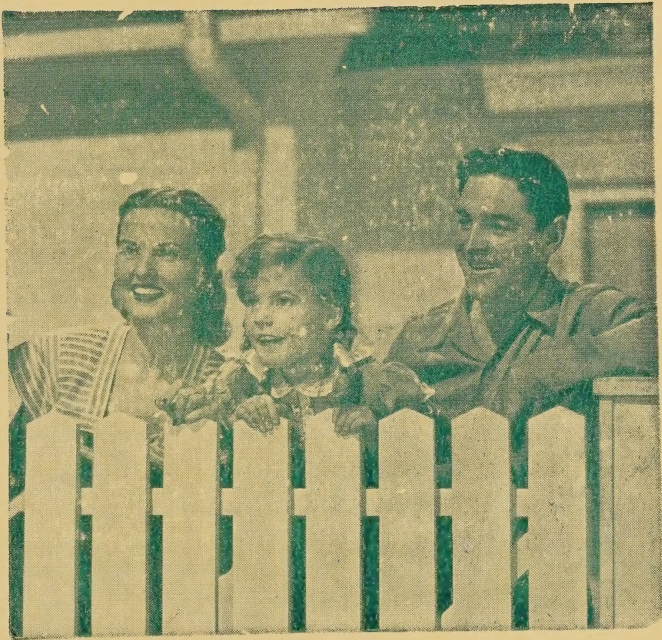


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MOUNTAIN ECHOES



OUR DREAM?

Volume 8 March - April 1959 Number 6-7



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MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

CENSUS

February 1 to March 1

Population	466
High Number	7879
Received	32
Discharged	28
Tickets-Of-Leave	1
Pardons	0
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Transfers-Out	3
Transfers-In	3
Deported	0

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Mountain Echoes

March & April—1959

Volume 8

No. 6—7

Administration	1
Contents	2
Concerning This Issue	3
With the Editor	4
Adrift from Eternity	5
Red Cross	6—7
Poet's Corner	8—9
Contest Articles	10--11
French Section	12—13—14
Kinsman Page	15
Photo Feature	16—17
Paul Grosney Concert	18
Paul Grosney Photos	19
Prison Tensions	20—21
Man	22—23—24
Grin and Share It	25
Hobby Chit Chat	26
Football Banquet	27
Hockey	28—29—30
Curling	31

Photo-engraving

Courtesy of

**The Winnipeg Tribune,
Winnipeg, Manitoba**

Concerning This Issue

Undoubtedly the biggest single change in this edition of the Echo's is the new french section. to our knowledge this is a first for the Echo's, the future of this section we place in our readers hands; we shall await your views.

We had hoped to provide greater reading variety through the use of "guest editorials," unfortunately this was vetoed so we are now hiding behind the fifth amendment. To those readers who graciously consented to provide us with editorials we say simply and sincerely, "thanks."

A writing contest was held recently and as a result some good articles were turned in by the boys, two of these are to be found on pages 10 & 11. Pat Saito walked off with first prize and after reading his article we feel sure that you will agree with this choice.

Another first was our session with the Kinsmen, we've devoted three pages to bring you this story.

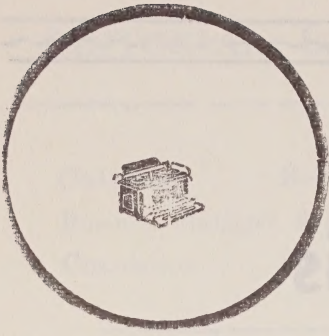
Those of you who are interested in the types of hobbies pursued in the Mountain will find particular interest in our new "Hobby Chit Chat." Each month a new hobby shall be dealt with in an informal and informative manner.

We wrote up hockey and hung up our skates on the same day, let's hope that we are not being too optimistic.

The Echo's mail box caught the overflow from pages 10 & 11 so guess what — no mail! We particularly like to publish our subscribers comments and shall certainly do so in our next edition — will your's be one of them?

YOU CAN HELP TO SAVE A LIFE

Contribute To The Red Cross April Blood Donor Clinic



With The Editor

The penal press, of which our Echo's is a member, is reputed to have originated as a tension eliminating device, by letting men sound off in print a good safety valve was born. While this still holds true, it is no longer a considered factor, penal magazines are assembled with a great deal of effort, concentration and pride. Articles are written in small uninspiring cells beneath 40 watt lamps, each article must be approved by an inmate editorial board & then must pass the prison censor board. most of our print shops are sorely equipped, each letter contained here was painstakingly set by hand, our press is a very ancient and tempormental veteran.

We strive constantly to increase our circulation yet each edition runs us further in the red. Our government subsidy is no longer adequate & we do not have any burden easing advertizing revenue to assist us. It is apparent then that we face a unique problem. Under any other circumstances this journal would be abandoned, however, we recognize and appreciate the medium which this priveledge affords, we therefore rally to the task. Custom printing for local organizations & photography with a small levy are the means whereby our coffers are maintained at a precarious yet functional level.

The effects & impact of our magazine are of course governed by the extent of our circulation, our greatest desire is to have our subscribers reciprocate by forwarding their views and opinions to the editor. The probabilities are that your knowledge of a penitentiary is nil; we invite you to write to either expess opinions or ask questions, misconceptions & questions will be corrected & answered. As you read through your Echo's each month you will begin to understand something of the men whom we write for, and about. You will soon come to realize that all inmates are not the gangsters that news agencies generally imply, nor the illiterate thugs that are invariably portrayed in caricature illustrations. Men behind bars are very human, they laugh and cry just as you do, they labor throughout the week and worship on sunday, they suffer the torments of self condemnation and dream of family reunions, — such are the men we hope you will come to understand.

REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD CLINIC IN APRIL OUR GOAL 400 PINTS

ADRIFT

FROM

ETERNITY

By 7281

The man lay on the narrow cot staring with sightless eyes at the ceiling. On a small, white enameled table, a meal of sumptuous proportions remained untouched. It had grown cold and the gravy had congealed into an ugly, lumpy mass. For hours he had tintillated the appetites of his recently acquired friends with a discription of this lavish repast.

From somewhere in the distance a clock struck the hour of midnight. A figure in a sombre black robe appeared at his side and began to speak in a low monotone. The man gave no sign that he was aware of the visitor.

He was drifting through the vast regions of space. With no apparent mean of propulsion his body was soaring effortlessly into the majestic depths of the universe. Vivid, pulsating clouds of mist enveloped his body. In estatic wonderment he probed deeper and deeper into the downy, scintilating vapors of colour.

More figures gathered at the side of the cot. One of them reached forward and touched the incubent man on the shoulder. With no outward sign of recognition he rose from the cot. The figures placed themselves before and behind and, in single line, they marched slowly down a long, narrow corridor. The black robed figure continued speaking in the same low monotone.

The man walked mechanically. Inwardly he was no longer upon this planet. His body continued to soar through the vibrant colours of space. Reaching tendrils of mist sensuoslly caressed his body. He was filled with a warmth such as he had never before experienced, a segment of the mist formed itself into a cocoon around him. Muted, hypnotic music plucked at his senses. Far, far above him a cloud bank, of a startling sea green colour, circled invitingly. There was something starkly repugnant about it, something that struck the man as vulgar. Wildly, insanely, he fought and clawed at the mist about him in a frantic effort to stay his ascent.

The men paused before a heavy steel door. A key scraped in a seldom used lock and the door swung open in screeching protest. The man was ushered in and positioned unprotestingly in the center of the room. One of the figures fussed about his ankles while another fumbled with his arms.

Unable to stay his slow ascent he drifted now to the very rim of the gyrating green green cloud. A faint aroma permeated his nostrils, filling his entire being with a sense of dread and forboding. He reached forth an arm to ward off the fearsome, convulsive cloud of death.

With an abruptness that took his breath he was suddenly falling. There came a blinding explosion behind his eyes and then merciful darkness.



HER **LIFE**

Gift of a

**VOLUNTEER
BLOOD
DONOR**

"CALL YOUR CANADIAN RED CROSS"

The Editor,
Mountain Echoes,
Manitoba Penitentiary,
Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Dear Sir:

May I take this opportunity of expressing to you and to those who work with you in the publication of the Mountain Echoes, our very sincere and warm thanks for the tremendous support you have given us in our plea for blood donors at Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

Clinic registration for the year of 1958 is as follows:

May 1, 1958	—	215
August 28, 1958	—	253
December 23, 1958	—	250
Total	—	718

This represents an increase of 24 over the 694 donors registered in 1957. Our clinics are held at Stony Mountain Penitentiary at times during the year when the blood donated will be of most benefit to the Red Cross and to the hospitals throughout this province. It would be impossible to carry on this service, particularly previous to a long week-end or other holiday, when we are unable to collect blood during the routine of our travels.

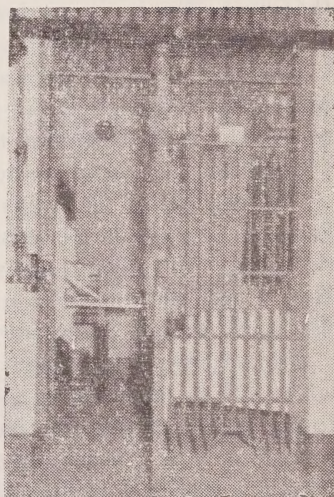
Again, may I express our sincere and grateful thanks to the inmates of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, for their grand support in helping us "Keep Life Blood Free To All."

Yours truly,
Charles H. Spence,
Donor Panel Director.

BIG HOUSE

—Tony Anthony

It's a world of steel, cement and stone
A world aloof, forlorn, alone
Of broken hearts, of vice and sin
A world of men who failed to win
A world enclosed by high gray walls
That echo back the lonely calls
Of tier on tier of steel barred cells
A world controlled by ringing bells
Devoid of women, filled with grief
A world of hate beyond belief
Of wrenching, rending, tearing pain
A world of men who wait in vain
A world where night is held in fear
When muffled sobs are what you hear
A world where time can move so slow
Where minds depart and soaring go
Of souls sunk deep in loneliness
A barren world without caress
A world deprived of privacy
Forever where a guard can see
Where might is right and tempers flare
Of living dead with vacant stare
Of swinging fists, of hidden knives
Of hold contempts for human lives
A world depraved, a world corrupt
A world perhaps where Satan supped
A throbbing, pulsing, world of gloom
A world of fear a world of doom
And yet a world, though buried deep
Of tender hearts, of men who weep
Where men will give a treasured thing
To lift despair and pleasure bring
A world of steel, cement, and stone
But still a world not quite alone
For man is man, with heart and soul
And love, compassion is his goal



"Christmas Does Not Always Mean Happiness"

(1st Prize)

—Pat Saito

Christmas is a time of year when one instinctively thinks of home and his family. It is a time for gaiety and happiness. But one Christmas I remember was not such a joyous one for me or my family. It was in the winter of 1942.

I was working in Fort William at the time. It was forced labour actually, for you see I am of Japanese extraction. It was a bad year for us. Most Japanese families were split up. The men and boys being sent to points east and the women confined to Re-location Centres in Central British Columbia. I was re-located in Fort William and placed in a mill to work. Needless to say, discrimination was rife. People who would not normally kick a dog treated us much worse. Daily I was subjected to insults. Everywhere I went I heard jeering voices. In all of Fort William there were only three Cafes that allowed us in. If one had to go somewhere, it was better to walk because in the street-cars we had to stand. That wasn't too bad, it was the voices, the whispers and sneering glances thrown at me that hurt. The crowning insult of all was the Card that I, a Canadian born Japanese, had to carry, it was stamped "Alien" in red ink.

I received a week's holiday at Christmas and I decided to see my family in Manitoba. I learned to my dismay and disappointment that I was not allowed to travel any further than fifty miles from the place where I was registered. So, I was stuck in a strange and hostile city for the Christmas week-end.

The day before Christmas was a beautiful day, a Christmas Card sort of day. In the afternoon, large, feathery snow-flakes softly fell from the sky. People scurried along the streets, happy and smiling. Everyone seemed so happy but I. Here I was, miles from home, a seventeen-year old youth, bitter and disillusioned. My spirit was at a very low ebb.

Around six-o'clock I went to a cafe to eat. I went in and timidly slid into a booth. I sat there a long time it seemed. Eventually, a sullen-faced waitress came to my table and told me that it was no use of my sitting there as I would not be served. At first I became angry; I felt like jumping up and smashing things, but I knew it would only make things worse so I just got up and walked out. I stopped on the side-walk and tried to curb my emotions for tears were trickling down my cheeks. I turned blindly and walked to the hotel where I had a room.

In my room, I gave way to my emotions, now the bitter tears came flooding out. I was crying for my parents and for my family who, I knew must be facing the same thing. I cried because the whole world seemed to be arrayed against me, a mere youth who had the misfortune to be born with a Japanese face.

I thought to myself that God must be a very cruel person to allow such things to exist. As I lay on the bed, there came to me the sound of voices singing. I listened and the words of a Christmas Carol came faintly to me. Slowly, I got up and went to the window. Across the street, I could see Carollers in front of the City Hall. I raised the window and the words from the carol now came clearly. They were singing the most beautiful of all Christmas Carols, "Silent Night."

(Continued on page 32)

THE RED CROSS

Blood Donor

Clinic

Will Be Held In April



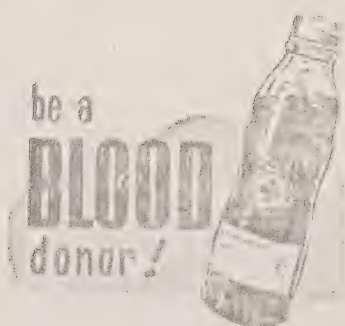
LETS ALL BE THERE

THE RED CROSS

Blood Donor

Clinic

Will Be Held In April



LETS ALL BE THERE

CANADA, FROM A FOREIGNER'S VIEW POINT

—6786

(2nd Prize)

Mr. Smith, knowing that you have spent the last two years in Canada and are now about to depart, it would be interesting to learn of your impressions of our country.

It is a pleasure to talk about your beautiful country or as I prefer to call it. The Modern Garden of Eden.

In the two years that I have been here, I have travelled your country by car, air, and rail. I have travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and also made a few trips to your north country. The vastness of your country has greatly impressed me, and also the great variety in scenery. I believe, even if all of Europe were one country, its variety in scenery still would not match that of Canada's. The magnificent scenery composed of the many lakes and rivers, mountains and forests, and the endless miles of prairie, reveal nature in so many different moods that to capture some of this beauty, one would have to be an artist.

Speaking about the people of Canada, there is one peculiarity which catches the foreign eye; that is the lack of interest in the affairs of the country, by the people in general and by many of those who are in positions to act. This point has often been a topic for discussion amongst foreign correspondents, for it seems to be evident in many countries. In some countries, this lack of interest is so great that their destiny has been left in the hands of a selected few. If we were to draw a graph, and on it mark the lack of interest of each country, I am sure Canada would be, on such a scale, closer to the top than bottom. But, this is no reason for Canadians to become complacent. The pioneers of Canada worked hard; they made great progress. Today, with the aid of machinery, it seems—generally speaking—that progress has slowed. It seems that you have reached a certain level, and have no desire to go beyond it. This is all apparent from the lack of foresight in the development of Canada and its people. Some individuals—especially some business men—think only in terms of money. How much the country and its people suffer in their pursuit of it, seems to be of no importance. To illustrate this point more clearly, I shall give an example.

Some time ago I read in a newspaper about foreign specialists who were brought into Canada, not as emigrants, but to work at jobs which some business men claimed that Canadians were not capable of handling. True, specialized training in some fields are lacking. But would it not be better for the country and its people if, in such cases, only the teachers were brought from abroad? I am sure it would be for this would give Canadian talent a chance to develop. This policy has also created much resentment. The resentment may not always be justified, but there certainly is room for constructive criticism. The sooner such unpleasant situations disappear, the better are chances for progress.

Canada, is yet a young country. I am sure most of such discrepancies will correct themselves with time, for the future generations will undoubtedly develop into a more knitted society.

Canada's natural resources are the envy of all nations. With proper management she will someday become one of the leading nations of this earth.

(Continued on page 32)

(THE NEXT THREE PAGES ARE THE FRENCH SECTION)

FACE A LA SOCIETE

—Louis La Montagne

J'appelle ma première expérience ce premier jour, ou je recouvrai ma liberté en juillet 1957, après avoir servi deux années au pénitencier de Collin's Bay.

Vous chercherez à vous expliquer sans nul doute. Sans plus de préambule je vous raconte.

Je n'oublierai jamais ce premier jour qui demeure inoubliable dans ma mémoire, car vous savez, ce premier jour ne s'oublie pas, c'est le plus important, le plus décisif, car c'est au premier jour que nous devons orienter sa nouvelle vie.

Tout d'abord, j'avais la conviction que je ne reviendrais jamais plus en prison, j'avais confiance en l'avenir j'étais décidé à me réhabiliter, à reprendre ma place dans la Société. Mais ce premier jour, et pour la première fois de ma vie je présentais des signes d'angoisses; j'avais un recul de bête traquée. La psychose est explicable. Après quelques années en prison, tout captif adésappris le monde, oublié les usages de la vie. Je n'ai pas échappé à la règle commune car en prison qui que nous soyons, nous menons une vie sans initiative et de ma-jours nous retombons mineurs.

Il me fallait refaire l'apprentissage de la vie. Le secours que je désirais tant, que j'avais si besoin personne ne put le fournir. J'avais peur, une de ces peurs qui confinent à la panique. Sur tous les visages qui défilaient devant moi, je lisais la haine et la médisance.

Ma famille m'avait secouru très largement au point de vue financier c'est tout... Mais que vaut l'argent lorsque l'affection et la tendresse d'une mère

compréhensive vous manque? Lorsque l'amitié fraternelle vous échappe?—Ma mère me pardonnera toujours j'en suis certain, car le coeur d'une mère c'est fait pour pardonner. Mais mon frère, mes soeurs, peut-être jamais de peur de compromettre une carrière professionnelle.

Egoïsme dira-t-on? Je n'en doute pas. Il m'arrive de songer que des frères et soeurs c'est tout comme la Société, ça ne veut pas pardonner. Comment voulez-vous qu'un homme ne retombe pas une seconde fois, et peut-être de plus en plus bas, quand votre famille vous ferme ses portes, tout comme la Société vous rejette comme une épave...

J'avais choisi comme destination Ottawa. Après quelques jours de recherche, je trouvai du travail comme commis de bureau dans un grand hôpital de la Capitale. — Le directeur du personnel était au courant de mon passé puisque je le lui en informai au préalable. Je décrochai la position, j'étais très content. Avant en la franchise de réparer mes torts, on me donnait la chance de prouver que j'étais capable par l'application au travail d'avoir comme les autres une vie productive et intéressante. J'étais très heureux, je respirais plus à l'aise. Je reprenais goût à la vie. Je respectais ma liberté sans la brusquer. J'avais cessé de boire.

J'habitais Eastview. Je demeurais chez un cousin lequel est médecin dans cette localité. C'était pour moi une chance puisqu'il et sa femme voulaient vraiment aider à ma réhabilitation, à me réinstaller dans la vie aux pieds des leurs

Red Cross

Statistics

By Wally Manson

While statistics have the ability to convey facts through figures.; figures seldom reveal the intimate personal story that is responsible for the statistics creation. This is particularly true in regard to the statistics shown here.

From the beginning it is a story of many individuals. It can be told, only because each of its participants individually agreed to support a worthy cause. The donating of blood is a personal volunteer endeavor. Each donor that presented himself at a Red Cross Blood Clinic, was not only being a humanitarian, but by so doing they become a quiet proof that they were capable of thinking and acting for the common good of others

These figures thus tell the story, at least in part, of each donor who attended a Blood Clinic here. They were persons who were acutely aware of the Red Cross Society's vital need of blood and were willing to do something about it.

This was as important then as it now. We all know that we can, by a little foresight, become directly responsible in assisting someone somewhere to regain his or her health. Blood donated to the Red Cross is supplied to who ever is in need of it "FREE." Is there anything more important, more vital than someone needing blood? Blood is life, and blood you give can save a life.

YEAR	CLINICS PER YEAR	NUMBER OF DONORS	AVERAGE INMATE POPULATION	POSSIBLE INMATE DONORS	PERCENTAGE OF INMATE POPULATION DONATION
1951	2	217	402	804	27%
1952	2	387	390	780	49%
1953	2	397	386	772	51%
1954	3	484	333	1000	48%
1955	2	373	417	834	45%
1956	3	629	427	1281	49%
1957	3	694	408	1224	56%
1958	3	718	443	1329	54%
Totals	20	3899		Overall Percentage	47%

It would be of interest to all to see the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic's statistics of other Canadian Penitentiaries. The purpose is that it would perhaps create more interest in each separate clinic, as well as an incentive for larger clinics. Since there is a wide variation in the inmate population a method similar to that used here would be appropriate. It would at least be indicative of the effort of any given penitentiary. Who knows it might be possible for the Canadian Penitentiaries to have something akin to what is being done in some of the Penal Institutions in the U.S.A., where a trophy is presented to the institution that has the highest number of donors at one clinic.

The only difference being that it might be well to make any such presentation contingent on not the total number of donors, but the percentage of Donors over that of the total inmate population on the day the clinic is held.

Poets *Corner*

Easter Memories

By K. Leishman

Hear ye the joyful tidings
This day of days doth bring,
For Christ ascends the heavens
And a choir of angels sings.

We pause while each remembers
A scene so warm and dear,
How precious are the memories
That we cherish o'er the years.

To some it's Easter morning
With the bunny myth so real,
We seached each nook and corner
Each find brought forth a squeal.

Then came the time for strolling,
Best girl linked in our arm,
She was truly like a lily
Such slender grace and charm.

And of course each Dad remembers
As the kids crowd close around,
How he painted colored easter eggs
And Mom smiled her joy profound.

And now we've but these memories
To comfort us this day
Forgive us Lord we sinners
And return us home this day.



Continued from page 12

J'avais fait quelques économies que je réservais à l'étude du piano que je voulais reprendre à l'automne.

Mais le malheur ne vient jamais seul. Un jour le directeur du personnel m'annonça que la Supérieure voulait me voir. Je pressentais quelque chose d'anormal, je broyais du noir, j'éprouvais de la souffrance, de oppression, de la gêne.

Je fus remercier de mes services, non pas parce que je ne donnais pas satisfaction, mais parce que la Supérieure avait été informée de mon passé. Elle voulait sauvegarder l'honneur réputé de l'hôpital. Mon cousin essaya de convaincre la religieuse mais ce fût en vain. Alors je décidai de ramasser mes bagages et de retourner dans la province de Québec, où je passai quelques semaines auprès de ma mère qui habite la vieille Capitale.

Je décidai de m'installer dans ma propre ville. Je trouvai du travail, toujours dans le même domaine et ce, pour une firme commerciale. Tout allait bien, peut être trop bien, car deux et un ne vont jamais sans trois. La nouvelle se répandit très vite que j'étais de retour.

Alors le même incident se répéta à nouveau tel, que je devais pour une seconde fois déménager mes pénapes.

Je décidai de partir à l'aventure. Sans aucun bût déterminé je me dirigeai vers l'Ouest. A quoi bon de rester honnête puisque tout s'acharnait contre moi. Ma famille, mes amis, la Société. Tel était mon raisonnement. Mon découragement s'empara de telle force que cette fois-ci j'étais bien décidé à ne rien épargner, si bien, que ce fût un véritable échec.

CONCLUSION:

La Société me rejetait une seconde fois. -A compter de ce jour, je compris que mon passé me suivrait partout, toujours, que j'étais marquer pour la vie. Je souffrais beaucoup plus qu'au premier jour.

Je serai libre encore une fois mais je serai toujours reclus dans ma propre liberté. Je subirai la flétrissure invisible jusqu'à la mort. -Les juges en me condamnant, m'ont condamné à perpétuité.

La Société ne pardonnera-t-elle donc jamais?

BE SURE YOUR NAME IS ON THE BLOOD DONORS LIST
ON RED CROSS BLOOD CLINIC DAY

RESOLUTION DU PREMIER L'AN

—Guy Ferragne

A la veille du Nouvel An, plusieurs d'entre nous oublient "Ses résolutions" pour ne rêver aux promesses que réserve ce grand jour, à la joie qui s'insinue dans nos maisons et nos gestes à son approche.

Rien n'est plus vraie. La joie de donner soulève en chacun de nous des remous beaucoup plus profonds que le plaisir de recevoir. Il ne s'agit pas de penser seulement à soi-même mais aussi aux autres, à son prochain. C'est un si grand soulagement de dire son chagrin à quelqu'un qui le comprend ! A ce voisin, à cet ami, apportons-lui toute la compréhension qu'il a droit d'attendre, assistons-le dans l'épreuve comme nous partagerons sa joie.

Prêtons ainsi nos facultés d'intelligence et de sensibilité à notre "frère" malheureux pour prendre parfaitement connaissance de sa peine, et combien se sentira-t-il allégé.

Certains esprits bougons ne manquent pas cependant de continuer leurs vaines protestations contre cette vérité, prétendant que le fait de persuader "nos frères" à la réalité peuvent les troubler à tel point, de voir leur personnalité sérieusement endommagée.

Ceux-là ne sont que des égoïstes qui ne songent qu'à eux-mêmes, ils ne se soucient que de leur propre intérêt.

Dans les circonstances qui nous entourent, il ne s'agit pas jouer l'indifférence, puisque nous sommes tous des opprimés. Sachons se dépenser sans compter pour les autres et n'attendons pas la récompense.

Ce serait trop attendre des incertitudes inhérentes au déroulement des semaines et des mois que d'escompter une succession ininterrompues d'événements uniquement conformes à nos désirs. Mais la dignité et la fécondité d'une vie ne se mesurent pas au nombre des journées sans ombre qu'elle renferme : les difficultés et les malheurs ont leur rôle à jouer dans la mise à l'épreuve des caractères, dans la manifestation des qualités de force, de courage, de sympathies agissantes qui donnent sa pleine valeur à toute personnalité humaine. Il est toujours possible de se faire une existence qui soit une source de légitime satisfaction pour soi-même et pour les autres.

Tous nous avons nos épreuves, et nous en aurons bien d'autres dans l'avenir. Acceptons-les même si elle dépassent outre-mesure. Ne reculons devant rien. Soyons courageux, Soyons forts.. Enfin... Soyons des hommes.

Une personne qui ne souffre pas ne sait pas ce qu'est la vie. C'est par la souffrance qu'on s'y prépare. Et la vie à côté de ses heures sombres, possède tout de même ses appas.

Quelle que soit l'épreuve que nous avons, disons-nous bien que c'est le plus beau partage que la vie puisse nous offrir, et que malgré tout, elle ne nous laisse insensibles à tous ses charmes.

Lacordaire a déjà dit : "Soyez des hommes et de grâce comptez-vous pour quelque chose ; sachez vouloir et vouloir sérieusement. Ce n'est pas d'orgueil qu'il s'agit mais de dignité.

Je crois que cette vertu bien pratiquée au cours de l'année 1959 ne peut que nous apporter succès, bonheur et prospérité.

KINSMEN FOR A DAY

Dont forget your EASTER SEALS CAMPAIGN



Another milestone has been achieved within Stony Mountain and to the best of our knowledge this is also an all Canadian milestone. Once each year that great cause so familiar to us all, "The March of Dimes," unleashes an appeal campaign across the country, the 1959 campaign is of special significance to us.

Unlike our social counterparts the men in penitentiaries are generally incapable of responding in the usual manner, however, thanks to the powers that be a worthy contribution on our part was made possible.

Jan. 27. saw a small army of men hustling in and out of the gym, arms loaded with boxes, these boxes contained some 80,000 sets of window envelopes, return address envelopes, appeal letters, and of course Easter Seals. A very lengthy and tedious job formerly handled by devout members of the Kinsmen who incidently sponser the whole thing, was attacked by some 90 volunteer inmates. The Kinsmen in attendance were very busy boys, passing out materials and carrying box after box of prepared envelopes as the large crew warmed to the task at hand. It is doubtfull if one could find a more cheerfull and friendly atmosphere anywhere as Kinsmen and inmates worked shoulder to shoulder and chatted amiably.

It is surely significant of the narrowing gap between society and our penitentiaries when these men unite as one and work for a common and most worthy goal. At these same tables could be seen the Padre, the Warden, and the Chief Keeper, all contributing to the same end. As we have stated this is the first venture of it's kind to be undertaken in a Canadian penitentiary, our services were volunteered cheerfully and eagerly, the reason being most apparent. We in the penitentiaries are no less the fathers and brothers of small children than any citizen, some of our children too are "Tiny Tims." Our understanding, and sympathy for the handicapped is more acute than most, it follows then that we with our limited diversions and unlimited time welcome this opportunity to express ourselves.

It is our sincere hope, based particularly on the success of this venture, that the o e great potential we possess will be properly exploited. A multitude of handicapped and underpriveledged individuals seek desperately the type of assistance that we can offer and which is so scarce in this modern turbulent world.

There seems to be little doubt that the men in our penitentiaries have come of age and are now prepared to take an active part in some community activities, the very fact that this opportunity has been extended to us indicates that others feel this way too.

To those congenial Kinsmen we say "Thanks for the refreshments—the pleasure was all our,—and we'll see you next year."

APRIL IS BLOOD DONOR CLINIC MONTH

PHOTO

FEATURE



Kinsmen at Stony Mountain



Volunteers Hard At It



Counting The Results



PAUL GROSNEY'S GROUP



All activity ground to a halt on Jan. 14 as the Stony Mountain populace enjoyed an afternoon of good music. Paul Grosney and his band provided the entertainment and their presentations were very well received. It was most fitting that the opening number was "I Came To You Out Of Nowhere", since their appearance was 1 hrs. notice insofar as the audience was concerned. After a few words of greetings from Paul, the band played, "Pennies From Heaven," the most notable aspect of all their music was their personalized adaptations. The Paul Grosney band featured a brand new member in the person of little, and likeable, Lenny Preau on guitar, Lenny obviously enjoys his own music and we all enjoyed it too. Another new personality was on hand for the afternoon, Abrey Tadman a vocal newcomer sang two fine songs "It's Wonderful," and "The Lady Is A Tramp." Jimmy Weber who is no stranger to our hallowed halls unlimbered his sax with that real old dandy "South Of The Border." Another newcomer to our domain was Bob Erlenson, Bob's instrument is the vib's and he pounded out this music in a very masterful manner. Bob picked a good tune for midwinter, "It Might As Well Be Spring." Pete Thompson another swinging sax man relieved Bob with his rendition of "Sweet Georgia Brown," and sweet it was. Aubrey returned on stage and organized an impromptu jam session, the principles were smiling. George Rezink on piano, nimble fingers Ray Moga on bass fiddle, and that familiar fellow, drummer' boy Eddie Serson. Abrey parked the mike amidst the group and they played and sang "Lullu's Back In Town," and "I Love You."

Allowing themselves a scant 40 minutes to make a downtown engagement the band concluded a fine performance with two lovely tunes "Swinging Shepherd Blues," and "Way Back Home In Indiana." Paul was made acquainted with our new "gals allowed" policy, and we are now looking forward to his return with members of the fairer sex.

APRIL IS BLOOD DONORS CLINIC MONTH

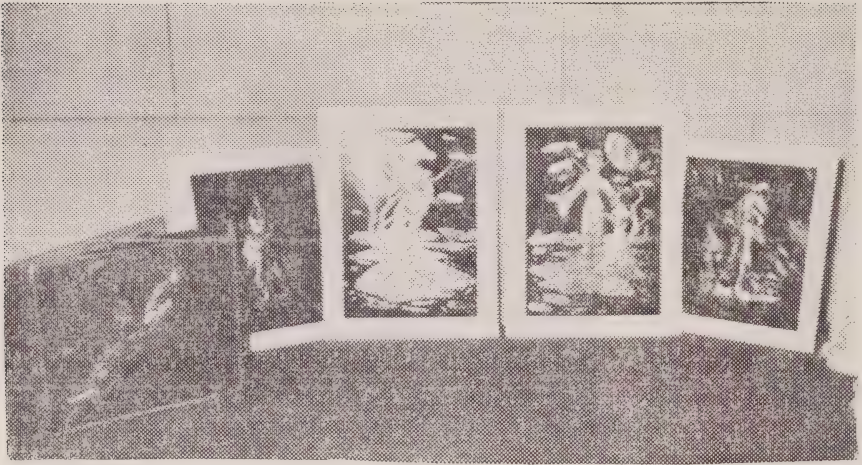
Your Donation May Save The Life Of A Loved One Or Your Own



Guitarist: Lenny Preau



27 Paul Grosney "On Stage"



HOBBY CHIT-CHAT

By Penton

When a man begins his sentence in a penitentiary, he wonders what he can do with his free time when he is in his cell at night. To make his time easier he can turn to a hobby. There are all kind of crafts he can pick from, such as leather wallets and handbags, copper work, petit point, and costume jewellery, to name a few of the many handicrafts available.

One of the many fascinating crafts done by a large number of inmates is the art of hand made leather products. The most popular are smart shoulder strap handbags, and if the lady wishes, a smart wallet to match. Beautiful floral designs in to the leather that will appeal to Milady.

You pay far less for these items if purchased from the gift shop, than you would if you patronized a department store. A few of the inmates make beautiful hand-tooled belts and gloves in men's and women's styles. Any person desiring specially made items, may contact the hobby officer, Mr. R. Howard for further particulars and information.

For the man who wants a billfold specially made so it won't bulge out of his pockets, given the specifications, an inmate will turn out a handsome, durable product which any man can show with pride. It will also last for many years to come.

This writer is amazed at the countless number of items turned out and I will be telling you about these in each issue of "Mountain Echoes".

Until next issue when I tell you about petit point, 'by for now.



Grin and Share It



"Hey Sally," said the college man, "how come you're not wearing my fraternity pin?"

"But, Bob, it was such a nuisance," the pretty co-ed pouted playfully.

"All the fellows were complaining that it scratched their hands."

"It was terrible mother," complained the curvy teenager.

"I had to change my seat four times at the movies."

"Some man started bothering you?" asked mother.

"Yes" said the girl, "Finally."

The voluptuous redhead was walking down a dimly lit street when a man jumped out of the bushes.

"Give me your money," he demanded.

"I d-dont have any," she managed to reply.

"Give me your money or I'll search you!" he threatened.

She repeated that she didn't have any, she gasped as he made a tentative search.

"You'd better give me your money now," he said menacingly, "or I'm going to really search you!"

"But I don't have any!" she protested, almost in tears.

So he really searched her.

"I guess you were on the level," he finally muttered angrily, "You don't have any money on you."

"For heaven's sake" she wailed, "don't stop now, I'll write you a check."

Shortly after receiving my commission in the Army Nurse Corps I was assigned to overseas duty. We were considered as Officers first and women second, and I was trying to learn to accept this attitude. But I was nonplused to be handed the following memorandum as I filed aboard the Queen Mary: "Notice to all Officers. If at all possible, plan to spend your first night on shipboard below decks with your men. They'll never forget it and you'll never regret it."

—Dorothy Y. Wells

Some years ago when the navy football team was playing the University of Wisconsin at Madison, the game was hard fought and a number of penalties were called, most of them against the navy. Sitting directly back of us were four waves, who did not take kindly to these navy setbacks. After one 15-yard penalty, a wave demanded, "What's it for this time?"

"Illegal use of the hands?" I told her.

"Wouldn't you know it?" she said.

"That's the navy for you every time!"

—W.J. Willmert

PRISON

TENSIONS

By Blair Elliot

A recent publication in the Winnipeg Tribune quotes an Ottawa source which states that prison guards and instructors are seeking a maximum 20 year service period, regardless of age. This request holds promise for an interesting debate and while there is still a little thunder left we would like to get our feet wet in the discussion.

Cal Best, president of the Civil Service Association of Canada, has gone on record as favoring this resolution and gives his reasons why. "Conditions inside the prison are no better for the guards than they are for the prisoners — perhaps worse," said Mr. Best. "Surrounded by convicted criminals upon whom they must lock doors at every turn the psychological atmosphere builds up tremendous tensions. This may be one of the reasons for the prevalence of heart attacks amongst custodial officers." Anyone intimately associated with a prison recognizes the merit of Mr. Best's statement; let us now view the complete picture.

Prison life is contrary to all concepts of civilization, this is as it was intended to be, — wrong'doers had to be punished. This drastic transformation results in a maelstrom of frustration, heart aches, anxiety and bitterness, the individuals effected undergo emotions ranging from acute lethargy to explosive tension. This phenomena too often proves contagious, inmates and officers alike frequently must struggle to suppress their individual emotions. To find mental turmoil of comparable magnitude one would have to visit a hospital casualty ward, a morgue, and a mental home. Prison conditions and the results thereof have not in the past been viewed in an analytical manner, one of the first observations now is that tension is at least partially responsible for heart failure. If this fact holds true for the officers, what then must be the effect upon the inmates?

The only point that we would dispute with Mr. Best is that which states that conditions are perhaps worse for the officers than the inmates. An officer, with the spin of a wheel and the turn of a single key confines as many as 26 men while he himself departs for the blessed confines of home and family. It is the inmates who spend 18 hours each day in a 5x10 cell, who see their families for a brief 30

minutes each month, who continually eat the same food, and who are continually subjected to rules and regulations which turn a man into an automaton. Eight hours a day in a prison is proving detrimental to the guards health, what then is 24 hours a day doing to the inmates?

It has been established that prison conditions in general are conducive to mental anxiety & tensions which impair the health of officers & inmates alike, this in itself certainly justifies some serious study but it is still a small part of the over-all picture. A prison is extremely unglamorous & demoralizing even to one who spends 8 hours a day there by choice of occupation, still, these people only scratch the emotional surface. Human beings possess the wonderful mental faculty of being able to adjust, (at least partially) to any given situation, this faculty is taxed to the limit when a man first enters a prison. Paradoxically this very adjustment can be the ruination of a salvagable individual. Adjustment to prison conditions means simply to become institutionalized, or a living breathing segment of that environment which so depicts the underworlds. Obviously then if a person wishes to be in vogue they must conform to this principle. Herein lies great personal conflict, the desire to accept what is easy and popular opposes the knowledge of what this acceptance can mean. Couple this daily struggle with the natural anxieties of home and family, the uncertainty and shame, the loneliness and the bitterness, then a fair comprehension develops.

We wish the Civil Service Association the very best in their quest for improved conditions, their demands are not unreasonable and should be met. We also hope that this acknowledgement of prison conditions receives the attention and considerations it so justly deserves. We do not seek charity nor sympathy, we simply ask for a fair and reasonable opportunity to help ourselves take the proper step forward.

The end



DONT FORGET THE BLOOD DONOR CLINIC

THE RED CROSS

Blood Donor

Clinic

Will Be Held In April



be a
BLOOD
donor!



LET'S ALL BE THERE



Ruck & Two Channel System



Radio Room Equipment



« MAN »

By Tony Anthony

Man is an animal that deserves to be pitied as no other animal on this rotating globe. He burdens himself with so many taboos that were it not so tragic it would be laughable. He tells himself that he must not do this and he must not do that. He spends an entire lifetime being what he is not. His every fiber yearns for freedom, but will he give it to himself? Not a chance. He bottles it up inside and attempts to release the pent up emotions through the medium of sports or on work. Comes Sunday he dons his most conservative suit and tie. He becomes the perfect figure of humility.

Man continually worries about his reputation. He must at all costs be the pillar of virtue. He may feel like swearing at times. He may feel the tendrils of rebellion surging just below the surface of his ever so pleasant countenance. But will he revolt? Oh no, not poor frustrated man. He is civilized.

Ask a veteran that has seen action what he thought of the war. He'll bend your ear for hours recounting in ghastly detail his every exploit. But don't ever suggest that he enjoyed it. The very thought of such a thing would appall him. Nevertheless enjoy it he did. For one brief interlude he was himself. He worried not at all about his dress. Silly taboos were forgotten. He swore when he felt like swearing, and that was often. Ah yes, man at last was man. He lived like an animal in a protective hole in the ground. He hunted and in turn was hunted. There was blood in his eye and hate in his heart. He carried a weapon

that spat death with startling suddenness. He lived only for the moment. The niceties of civilization were forgotten or put aside. He ate what he could and when he could. And when he ate he did it by grasping the food in grime encrusted hands and ripping it apart with wrenching, rending teeth. He was that which he would not admit he was an animal, pure and simple and violent. And he reveled in it. He washed himself, not when he felt he was dirty for he was dirty all of the time, but when there was a plentiful supply of water, and that was seldom indeed. The hair on his face sprouted as it was intended to sprout. Did he worry about it? He most certainly did not. He had very few moments for such civilized things as worry. Had he thought of it he most probably would have run his fingers affectionately over and into the dirty pile of matted hair. All that he lacked for complete satisfaction was a deep throat-roar.

There are those who have found methods of reverting to their animalistic heritage. They became boxers, hunters of big game, stunt men, etc., etc. Anything that is dangerous enough to give excuse for loosening the binding ties of civilization. Jack Dempsey once said that to be a successful boxer one must have a killer instinct. Yvon Durrelle, that he hates every man that he meets in the ring. For the brief interval of the fight the boxer becomes that which he has kept hidden, an animal. Hunting and hunted, kill or be killed.

Shaking hands with ones opponent is

considered as being good sportsmanship. It is the civilized way of showing that what will follow is all in sport. First the handshake and then the fist in the mouth. The German soldier wore a belt buckle that read, God is with us. The Canadian soldier had a similar inscription inscribed on his badge. Then they promptly shot each other.

Man is now on the threshold of conquering space. No one seems to be aware of just why they want to conquer it, but conquer it they shall. Why? To find what man calls adventure. Let's be honest. Adventure is just a civilized way of saying we shall satisfy our animal instincts. To kill, to conquer.

The ten year old boy beats up the six year old. The fourteen year old beats up the ten year old. Survival of the strongest. The age old law of the jungle. The boy is too young to grasp all of the niceties of civilization and so the jungle law is partially his law. He continually reverts to the law of the wild. When he reaches manhood he will acquire the thin veneer of civilization. He will become a cultured, genteel, living lie. A sodden imitation.

One must be a duplicate of his fellow man or be trampled neath their avenging feet. It is not cricket in a civilized world to be different. One for all and all for one. Emotions must be held in check. One must not live as one feels he should live, but only as the civilized world dictates. If man is lucky he will live out his lie to a comparatively ripe old age and then he will die. If, on the other hand, his emotions become too strong for him, civilization will tuck him safely away in an insane asylum. When civilization begins to pall, man has a quick, if temporary, remedy. He gets himself a gun and speedily goes to war. Mind you, he lets it be known to all and sundry that he abhors the neces-

sity of fighting and killing. But fight and kill he will. And he'll love every minute of it. Oh, he'll groan and moan about living in a hole in the ground. He'll gripe about the food. He'll curse the weather. He'll tell over and over again how much he hates this violent, filthy way of life. But forever after it will be his warmest, dearest memory. For once again he has received a priceless gift. He has been allowed to be what he is, an animal.

The civilized man of today spends half of his life on a psychiatrist's couch. He has compiled law upon law. Not satisfied with a simple, easy to follow code he has burdened himself to such an extent that he can no longer cope with the monster he has created. He has landscaped his lands. At all costs the blue print must be adhered to. No deviation from the accepted plan will be tolerated. Not satisfied with restricting his own life he has dictated that his fellow man must also wear his shackles. He has made of his world a community and all must conform to the will of the majority. The fact that such rules may be contrary to man's natural way of life is of no consequence whatever.

Man was given a brain to think with and think he shall. Eventually he will think himself into oblivion. He used his brain and discovered fire. The first day the fire warmed him, the second day he used it to cook his food, and the third day he used it to burn out his neighbors cave. He was a civilized man for two days and then he reverted to form. In time he stretches it thin enough to cover the gaps between wars. When he stretches it too thin and the veneer cracks he visits his Psychiatrist and pleads for assurance that he is still civilized. He ostracizes those that do not conform to his mode of living. He has constructed such an intricate network

Concluded on next page

of laws that he is no longer capable of following all of their devious paths. His final monument to himself has been the mass erection of prisons and insane asylums. Eventually he will have such a complex set of rules that he will be completely helpless in dealing with them. When that day comes he will seek as a leader a dictator. Someone who will direct him through each step of his frustrated life. He will no longer be forced to think himself, nor will he be burdened with worry. He will be a zombie. And finally he will destroy himself. He has now discovered the atom, tomorrow he may drop the bomb and the world may be no more. If any are left they will be the happy ones for they will be what they were intended to be, animals. Living, hunting, killing, happy animals, burdened only with the necessity of living.

The end



Imitation

(PP)

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage

I do not wish to contradict
An honored bard and sage

But when stone walls & iron bars
Are placed in right relation

If that don't make a prison
It's a helluva good imitation

SUPPORT THE RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR APPEAL

FOOTBALL BANQUET

By Ken Leishman

Sunday January 18th, saw that long awaited event come to pass, the banquet in honor of the local 1958 football champs was held. A notable aspect of the festivities was the list of honored guests, this assemblage could only be described as significant.

In consideration of the many hearty appetites, food was the initial item. Rev. McNeil offered his blessings for all. At the conclusion of a fine meal, all eyes were directed to the head table, where our own Jim McPherson, the Appointed Chairman, opened the after dinner ceremony. Jim called upon Don Hambleton to introduce Prof. Jack Nesbitt, this was fitting in that Jack is the Dale Carnegie instructor and Don is one of his graduates, class of 1957-58.

As first speaker Jack limited his remarks, he expressed his appreciation at being invited, with special thanks to Warden DesRosiers and Mr. Steele. Jim next called upon Rev. McNeil who in turn introduced Mr. Dean Wayne. Mr. Wayne is the Dean of Arts & Science at the U. of M. he acted as Economic Advisor for the U.N. in Sudan.

Having introduced the two worthy guests Jim called up Phil Boily, Captain of the the Champion Ti-Cats to receive the trophy on their behalf. Warden DesRosiers made the presentation to a slightly embarrassed Phil, we gathered that Phil feels more at home in the quarter-back slot than in the award circle. No sooner had Phil reached the sanctuary of his seat when he was again called upon, this time to receive a trophy on his own behalf. Dean Wayne presented Phil with the trophy awarded to the most valuable league player. The second player award was made by Jack Nesbitt, this was to Camille Lambert who was voted the most gentlemanly player. The Third award was made by Mr. Steele, Red McKillop was the recipient, this award was for the top scorer. Due to Reds absence Phil Boily again came forth and accepted the trophy on Reds behalf.

Monty Montgomery made an unusual presentation to two of the very junior guests of honor. Lance Steel and Bobby DesRosiers were awarded hand tooled belts in appreciation of their services as bat boys for the Giants ball team. Also seated at the head table was David Wayne, Dean's son. In conclusion a two-tiered cake was cut, all persons present received a portion of this victory symble.

A special vote of thanks must be extended to the Warden for not only did he authorize the banquet, he provided refreshments to help insure it's success.

MAKE LIFE BLOOD FREE TO ALL
APRIL IS YOUR MONTH TO HELP BY GIVING BLOOD

ALL STAR



HOCKEY

The All Stars rounded out their hockey season with 10 games, this was probably the highest scoring league in Canada. The boys drove home an average of 8.6 goals per game & had 7.4 scored against them, 16 goals per game is a lot of rubber. Five different teams provided the winters opposition, since the boys lack transportation (among other things) it was necessary to play all games with in the gentle confines of the mountain.

Our records show the Tobans to be the most successful visitors, they took both their games, 12—6 & 8—7. A group of insurance boys dropped in on two different occasions for coffee, they also played some hockey while they were here. The visitors won a close 6—5 decision on the first round & split the second round 9—9. The Winnipeg Lions dropped in for 3 sessions, just to be consistant the All Stars dropped the first game 11 — 2, from there on however they never looked back. They took the next two rounds 7 — 5 and 16—4 then they went on to new conquests. Winnipeg Transit came visiting in their hockey bus & although they were good opposition they dropped both their games. Final scores were 11—5 and 10—7. Brooklands dropped in for a single game and came off second best with a 13—7 score. Warm weather played havoc with the ice so it was difficult to play organized hockey during this game.

The scoring arrangement ended as we predicted insofar as the leading scorers were concerned. McKillop, with his usual hustle and consistency led the pack with 40 points, Benning ran second with 32 & Condon tallied 28 points. Rook put on his armor around mid season & still came up with 24 points, not bad for a young fellow just past 50. (where do you get all the gas dad?) Next in line were Mitchell 12, Green 11, and Hayden with 8. Even the defencemen got on the scoreboard, Trojan 5, DeRocher 4, & Watcher 4.

Well it was fun but it was also a long cold winter; if old Sol will co—operate we shall be covering baseball for our next issue.



ALL STAR LINE-UP



1 GOAL COMING UP

Hockey

Finals

With the advent of spring comes warm weather, & now, all that's left of hockey is the shouting. This year the Mountain League settled down to 4 teams and as we predicted in our last edition it was a hard knocking contest. As the regular league schedule came to an end the teams and players were arranged as follows:

	G. P.	W.	L.	T.	Points.
1. Canadians	9	5	2	2	12
2. Rangers	9	5	3	1	11
3. Bruins	9	3	4	2	8
4. Warriors	9	1	5	3	5

Top Scorers

	G.	A.	T.P.
1. Olson	13	4	17
2. Gougeon	12	5	17
3. Zannin	8	6	14
4. Hayden	4	7	11
5. Houke	8	1	9

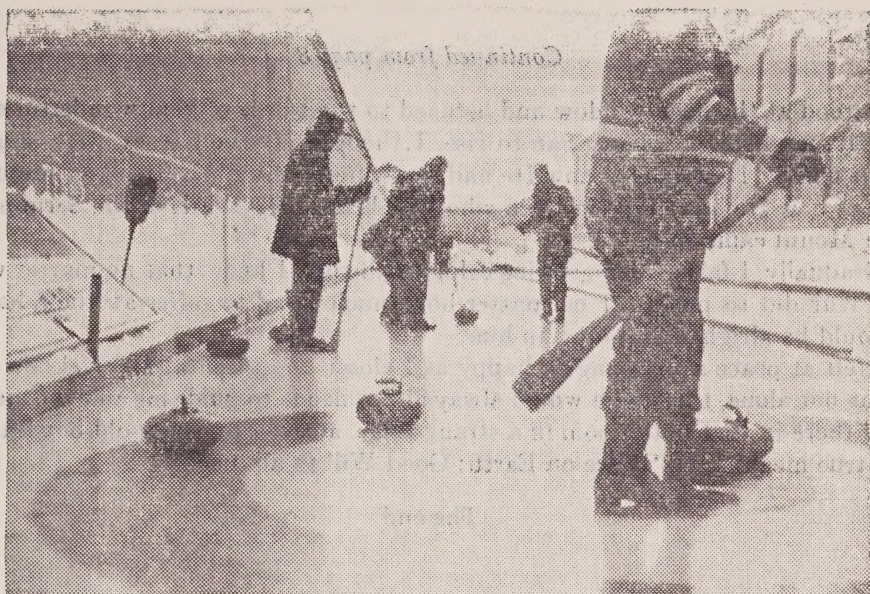
The semi-finals was a two game, total points affair. The Warriors, being low man on the totem pole fell aside as the Bruins & Rangers battled for the right to meet the league leading Canadians.

The first game of this series was a good close contest, a last minute goal by the Rangers won them the first round 6—5. The second game proved to be a rout, the Bruins skated to an easy 12—2 victory which wound up the series 17—8.

The finals was slated as a best 2 out of 3 affair & it took the full three games to decide the winner. Bruins took the first round in what was a good close series throughout, this game ended 7—4. On the second round the Canadians squared things by hustling themselves a 7—2 victory.

The outcome of a whole winter of hockey now hung on a single game, Bruins opened up with a smooth attack and the third period began with a Bruins 3 Canadians 0 score. The Canadians came roaring back in the 3rd period & drove home 5 fast goals, the Bruins playing with 6 men just didn't have the gas to stay with the determined Canadians. McCooye was top scorer in the finals with 3 goals & 5 assists for 8 points.

Lets go all out for the Blood Donor Clinic



CURLING

The 1958-59 season was a big one for the Stony Mountain curlers, from the first league game through to the finals saw no less than 119 games. This schedule was conducted on 2 sheets of ice, game times were during exercise periods & weekends so it was one big hustle trying to crowd everything in. The regular league consisted of 78 games, 11 teams participated, playing anywhere from 4 to 10 games so it remains difficult to select the best rink.

With the advent of February--bonspeil month-- a Round Robin schedule was prepared, this was a 17 game series and now we begin sorting the curlers from the "Also-rans." A few quick calculations & we find the rinks arranged as follows:

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------|------------|
| 1. Fingas | 2. Mitchell | 3. Griffin |
| 4. Menaus | 5. Neely | 6. Walker |
| 7. Allen | 8. Shearsmith | 9. Bell |

With the Round Robin wrote into the history books, the boys took five, drew up a bonspiel schedule, and went out to do some serious curling. If there is any question as to where these games took place just read the names of the events.

Wardens Event (Championship)

Giffin 22

Mitchell 6

Deputy Wardens Event

Shearsmith 13

Fingus 3

Chief Keepers Event

Mitchell 10

Olson 9

Father Bedfords Event-R.C.

Olson 5

Bell 3

Continued from page 8

I stood at the open window and listened to the words of that wonderful song. Slowly, my bruised spirit began to rise. I thought of whom they were singing, Jesus Christ. I thought of how He had also suffered discrimination and prejudice and of how He had forgiven them who hated Him. The words of the Sermon On The Mount came to me.

Gradually, I felt myself growing calmer and then I knew that no matter what the War did to people or no matter how much I had to suffer at their hands, I would be alright. I believed in him.

I felt at peace and strangely happy as I closed the window. I now knew that I was not alone, that there would always be someone to guide me and lift me up. And there in that hotel room in a strange city, a seventeen-year-old boy learned the true meaning of "Peace on Earth; Good Will to all men."

The end

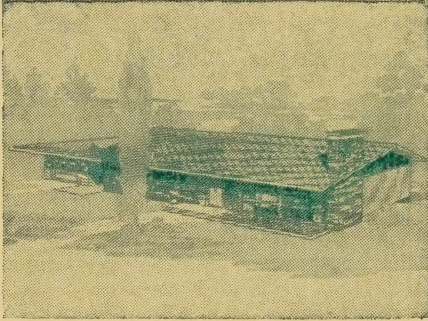
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My stay in this country has been a pleasant one. I have found the people friendly and interesting. I hope that some day providence will once again present me with an opportunity to visit your wonderful country.

Thus spoke a foreign diplomat, who for the last two years had studied Canada and its people.

The end

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